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"Smile."



11 0 1

Chapter 1 by Morgan

When I was 5, I had made my first friend. His name was-well, now come to think of it he didn't really have a name. Anyways, as a child my parents and I moved a lot, because my father was in the military.

When I first met him, we had just moved into my new house, and I had gotten a fever. Because of this, I had to stay in bed all day. This is when our friendship blossomed.

I had been laying in my bed, just after nine when out of the corner of my eye, I could see an arm reaching out of my bed. I was never taught about stranger danger, so I wasn't surprised, or even scared when an anorexic looking, male snuck his way out of my bed.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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